And said she s n could give our house You needn't purchase things," says she,

With a superior smile,
"I'll use your common household goods,
For them are all the style." And with a little gilt and such, She fixed us up so fine, That when I looked about the house

I hardly knew 'twas mine, Well! pa and me, at first, were pleased,

But pa soon cried in wrath,

Where is the old snow-shovel gone?

I want to make a path."

And there it was a painted up

With many a bud and rose, And hanging on the parlor wall By sky-blue ribbon bows,

And soon it was my turn to fret When ironing day came round; I had two favorite flatirons, But only one I found.

I went into the sitting-room
And there I found the male
All gilded up to look like gold,
And made a paper-weight.

And when pa bought a steak, I found Of broiler I had lack; The gridiron was fixed to be A fine newspaper rack.

And all-the time for jelly-cake
Had been well washed from grease,
And painted up like plaques, to stand
Upon the mantel-piece.

But when pa found his old arm-chair
That hugged the kitchen fire.
A' painted white, and hung with bows,
The way some folks admire,
And standing in the sitting-room,
Too nice and five to use.
He said that fashionaple styles

He said that fashionable styles He henceforth should refuse

So pa and me we both agreed That fashion hadn't paid, And that we'd use our common things For what they most seemed made,

And off came every bow,
And things are now more comfortable,
If not so much for show.

So down came shovels, down came pans,

ADVENTURES OF A SPY.

A STORY THAT READS LIKE A PAGE FROM A WORK OF FICTION.

The Remarkable Career of Major W. C. Gorman, a Spy in the Service of the Confederates During the War-Thrilling Adventures and Hair-Breadth Escapes.

NE of the most remarkable contributions to war history made in recent years is that furnished to a correspondent of the Des Moines Register by Major W. C. Gorman, an ex-Confederate spy and at present a resident of Birmingham, Ala. The story of his peril-

cus adventures and hair-breadth escapes reads like a page from a work of fletion, and would scarcely be credited had the nacrator omitted to give dates, localities, and the names of the actors in the exciting life drama in which he was an active par-

Alter the retreat at Perryville, in 1862, becins Major Gorman, I recel port to Gen. Forrest for picket duty on the Cumberland River, between Sparta and Galdatin. I there received orders to report to Gen. Forrest at Murfreesboro, which I did Gen. Forrest wished me to undertake a commission entirely foreign to the duties of a soldier, being a trip to St. Louis on private business for my commander. I went to St. Louis and returned just prior to the battle of Stone River, in which I participated

with my battalion.
Six days later I was ordered to report to Senator Sims at Pichmond, Va., for duty on behalf of the Confederate Government. met Senator Sims, President Davis, Vice President Stephens and Winder in confer-ence, and they unfolded the plans. General Forrest was to make a raid through West Tennessee, and General Marmaduke through Northern Arkansas, the two orces meeting at Springfield, Mo. Scattered through Northern Missouri were 12,000 true Confederates, as yet unorganized, and it was their desire that I should organize those men and march them to Springfield

at the appointed time, as a contingent to Forrest and Marmaduke. This plan was carried out so far as circumstances would remit. I went to North-ern Missouri and organized the Paw Paw militia: General Forrest started through West Tennessee and General Marmaduke through Northern Arkensas. I had organ-ized 6,000 men at Blackfeet Hills, ready for marching orders, when I learned of For-rest's defeat at Jackson, Tenn., and Mar-maduke's defeat filteen miles from Springfield, which drove the men back to bush-

whacking.

There were a number of incidents on my trip. I returned to General Forrest's comand asked him for a pass. gruff way he said: "Go to h-l for a pass; If you can't steal through the Confederate lines, you can't steal through the Yankee

I started on foot from Franklin, Tenn .. for Hickman, Ky. making the trip in ten days, and stealing through both lines, the Confederates and Federals being picketed from Gallatin to Memohis. At Hickman, tired, dirty and ragged from

swimming streams and climbing through and over bushes. I went to a hotel and ate supper. That night I heard music in the parlor, and going up I saw two young ladies, one playing the piano and the other singing. I knew that if they were Confederates the indies would be the truest and best of friends to the soldier boys, so I asked them to allow me to play. They looked surprised, but let me have the use of the piano. I song, "Maryland, My Maryland," which at that time was new. From the effect the song had on them I knew they were sympathizers with my cause, and I asked their assistance to get me a pass by steamboat to St. Louis, as the step-son of Judge Fitzgerald, of West Tennessee, in whose loyalty the Federal soldiers had con-fidence. The next morning I got the pass and left for St. Louis. I claime that I was on my way to Kansus to visit relatives, and that I was a Union man. The boat was loaded with Federal soldiers who were going home on fu loughs or for the purpose of re-enlisting. I was well supplied with money, and whiled away the time playing poker with the men who, if they had known who I was, would have shot me and thrown my body in the river. My money was that of the Bank of West Tennessee, and was in bills, but in those days a \$5 bill could be out in two and each end was good for \$2.50; in fact, change was scarce, and was gener-Ally made in that way. Each end of a \$2 bill was good for \$1. When I reached St. Louis I had my West

Tennessee money and \$1,000 in greenbacks. went to Bingham. Wright & Co., with whom I had transacted the private business for Gen. Forrest on my previous trip. Here i had all of my money changed into gold. The question then was, how to get out of St. Louis—a man could not leave the city gor even obtain work in the city without a certificate that he had taken the oath of allegiance. I was not going to take the oath, and finally devised a scheme. Going down to the levee I met an honest Irishman by the name of Murphy. I got in with him, made him drunk and bought his certificate for \$50. Being an Irishman myselv I was not afraid of the name, I went to the Wedge house and bought a horse for \$650 and left town. When about four miles out I met two young ladies and saluted them. They ceturned the salute, and I saw that they were red and white ribbons around their

starting point in Missouri. Their father was Lieut. Col. Kibble, or Price's rediment, and their home was the hot bed of the whole Southern organization in North

Missouri. At midnight that night 162 determined Confederates met there, inside the Yank e lines, and within four miles of St. Louis, twenty-eight of them being commissioned

I left the next morning, going through She looked about our sitting reports through the State on the south of the river, making my reports through the mail at l'aris. Ill.

My next experiences of interest were in St. Charles County, where I met with Craighill's Dutch Home Guards. At Warrenton, while eating dinner, twenty-six of them amagin to arrest me. I showed my them came in to arrest me. I showed my certificate of oath, pleaded Union senti-ment, cursed Jefferson Davis and the whole Sou hern Confederacy as an honest Irishman, but it took five kegs of beer to finally convince them that I was loyal. The English-speaking people in that section were



"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND,"

usually friends, but these Duten were bitter enemies of the South.
I learned that Colonel Kibble had a brother toward Black River. I finally reached there after swimming two swollen creeks and having two battles with Craighill's Dutch. I learned that Colonel Kibble's daughter had married a Sergeant in General Price's command, and that these Dutch troops had drarged her from her bed while in a delicate condition, and had burned the house on the day previous. When I learned this I made up my mind to teach the Dutch a lesson. Taking fifty-two men I went to Warrenton, and we killed every Dutchman we met. This gave Murphy a notorious character, and the quicker I got out of there the better for all concerned. I took two men with me, Cumberland Kibble and John Andrews, and started through the

country. Gen. Odin Guitar was at that time commanding the Department of North Mis-souri, with headquarters at Columbiaville. He issued an order that no person should

home together. That acquaintance was my starting point in Missouri. Their father river, the condition of fortifications around was Lieut. Col. Kibble. of Price's redi- Washington, and other valuable in orma-

I left for Cincinnati over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and was arrested at Beliaire, being guarded by three Irishmen, John Burke, of Pontiac, Mich.; John Doyle, of 321 Sixth street. Detroit; and and whose name I have forgotten. For \$10 whose hame I have for other. For \$10 and a quart of whisky I bought a Yankee overcoat and got away. I first went to Columbus. Ohio, where I met George Zeney, and going twelve miles out of the city, was introduced to 900 as determined men as overshouldered a gun. They were the best drilled and best equipped of any of the copparation of a superior to the copparation of the perhead organizations, and were sworn Confederate soldiers. I swore them into service with George Zeney as colonel. They afterwards did valiant se vice in the rescue of Gen. John Morgan from the Ohio penitentiary.

I went to Cincinnati and met one of the

truest friends the cause ever had. Samuel P. Thomas, now a dry goods merchant of that city. He was commissioned quarter-

master general.

Returning to Washington, I stole a skiff and floated down the river, then stole a horse and reached Riehmond safely. When I reported they wanted me to re-turn, to which I seriously objected, as my description was printed everywhere. The rewards for my capture were large. I had used a dozen aliases, and the police and letectives were scouring the country

General Winder insisted on one more trip. I started, crossing the Potemac half way between Mathias' Point and the mouth of the river. Hailing an oyster schooner I paid them \$50 to out me on the Maryland side. Went to Washington and Columbus. and then to Cincinnati, where General Thomas had collected \$280,000 in cash, which he gave me, together with maps and plans of the Ohio liver between the mouth of the Big Sandy and Louisville. Went to Aurora, Ind., to con'er with Senator Huffman, who had organized three regiments one at Aurora and Lawrenceburg, one at Seymour and one at Madison and North Ver-

non. I gave him a commission as major general in the Confederate army.

The next stopping place was at Springfield, Ill., where I met Judge Dixon, who was at the head of the movement in Illinois, with a commission as Major General. He had more influence, and a terward, in at-tempting to release prisoners at Camp Butler, accomplished more than any man in Illinois. This attempt would have been successful had it not been for Colonel

Shanks informing the authorities. He was afterward killed at Cheyenne by his own men, on account of this, as I believe.

Going to Carlinville, I stopped with John D. White, a wealthy farmer of Macoupin County. Here I drilled my men openly, until I received in the county. until I received information that General John M. Palmer was about to call a regi-ment of soldiers to arrest me. I called on General Palmer, and told him that we would fight it to the bitter end. I was not arrested, and I have talked with General Palmer since that time, and he said that he concluded that it was best to let me go, as would have taken five thousand men at that time in that county to arrest me, and would have precipitated the war into the heart of Hilinois

Going to Madison, Ind., where John T.



"I HAD A SHARP FIGHT WITH THE YANKEES."

active service for the United States Gov- heads, he told me that everybody was ernment. The three freebooters, armed to the teeth, and killing every man they met with a home guard uniform on naturally ereated a sen-ation.

looking for me, and he assisted me across the river, where I found a horse at John Wells'. I rode to C ristianburg, then to Versailles, then to Lexington.

created a sen-ation.

That night we are supper at Charles Pra-Columbia County, at the foot of Blackfeet Ridge. While eating, forty Yankee soldiers arrived. looking for a notorious bushwhacker by the name of Conway. Kibble and Andrews escaped, and I have never seen them since. I pleaded lovalty, said I was alone and on a pony, and to show my lovalty would assist them in hunting up Conway, who, by the way, had agreed to meet me at Prather's that night. ot on Prather's pony and went with the soldiers to a corner grocery eight miles away, and twenty-two miles from Columbiaville. Here I called for Conway, and in-sisted that I knew be was there. A man named Steele was proprietor, and I gave him \$10 and paid for all the whisky to make soldiers drunk; then I loaded them up with bottles of liquor and started with them for Columbiaville. Arrived there I took them at once to Gen. Gultar's headquar-

"General, I am a loyal Irishman, Your men took me prison or, an i, to show my loyalty. I have brought them back to you. If I had not they would have all been killed



"GENERAL, I AM A LOTAL IBISHMAN," General thanked me, became satisfied as to my loyalty and gave me a pass, with which I got away as quickly as possible, before they recognized me. I returned to Prather's, where I found my horse and Conway with sixteen men, who submitted at once to my orders. We then organized the Paw Paw militia, and had a fight near the Paw Paw militia, and had a fight near the Paw Paw militia, and had a fight near the Paw Paw Militia Paward had a fight near the Paw Paw Militia Paward had a fight near the Paward had been supported by the party of the paward had been supported by the pawar

shoulder; nine of the Dutch being I then succeeded in getting to Paris, Ili. where Mr. and Mrs. Farrel nursed me back to sealth, and I returned to Missouri, then to Richmond, where I reported to Senator

St. Joe with Craighill's Dutch, in which Conway lost an arm and I was shot through

I was then instructed to return, and given the rolls of the Confederates in the North— 30,000 in Illinois, 12,000 in Missouri, 26,000 in Indiana, 4,000 in Ohio, and 5,000 in Penn-

sylvania. On the 10th of January, 1863, I went to City Point and hired as a roustabout on the nited States flag of truce steamboat Gen. Hensell. I was to receive \$75 a month. I staid six dows, for which the Government still owes me. leaving the boat at Balti-

The next morning I was in Washington, where I met United States Senator Powell, of Kentucky, delivering to him a regular commission as lieutenant general in the Confederate army, commanding all the forces north of the Ohio River, and with were red and white ribbons around their lotte and a map of the fortifications on the lotte. Turning my horse, we went to their the Potomac River, the number of men ba-

In order to understand the subsequent

events, we must go back to August, 1862. At that time my battalion was with Gen. E. Kirby Smith, in the battle of Richmond Ky., and I was assistant provost marshal at Lexington, thus making many acquaint-ances. I had also remained on the battlefield to bury the dead, impressing the servces of citizens, amonwhom were four brothers by the name of Halev.

On my arrival at Lexington from the Northern trip, I called at the Curd House, which was the rebel soldiers' headquarters. and Miss Nannie Curd was the moving spirit among them. While cating dinner I met Capt. Gwynn, of Gen. Morgan's staff. At that time there were 4.000 Federal infantry at 1 exington, 2,000 cavairy at Georgetown, 3,000 cavairy at Frankfort, all under march-

ng orders for Lexington. I gave Capt. Gwynn this information, and we parted to meet at Tate's Creek ford, four miles from Bichmond, at 11 p. m. Provided with a horse and Lieut. Col. Riley's uniform of the Twenty-fifth Michigan, with the post countersign, through the influence of Miss. Ninnie Curd, at 8 o'clock I started for Tate's ford. After crossing the river I was halted. I gave the countersign, telling them I was Col. Riley of the Twenty-fifth

Michigan.
"Getdown, Capt. Gorman: weknow you." said one of them, and I saw that I was in the hands of the Haley brothers. They treated me kindly, and took me home with

While in a room disrobing, one of them picked up my coat and heard some paper rustle. He ripped it open, and found some maps and a lot of letters directed to President Davis and Vice President Stovens. Then they knew that they had a crize. The letters were all in cipher, which I could not

read myself.

They furnished me with snother suit, and laid Col. Riley's unifo m, which I had worn over my suit. It being too large for me, away.

I was taken back to Lexington, where I was tried before Gen, Gilmore, who asked if I could read the letters. I said that I could, and that saved mylfe. Instead of having me shot the next morning at sun-rise, he sentenced me to be shot on April 7, the trial occurring March 7. I was con-fined in a dungeon in John Morgan's old negro jail on Limestone street, a place with which, as Provost Ma shal, I was thor-oughly familiar. In the dongeon was Charles Silver, of Scott's Louisiana cavairy. At first we were suspicious of each other, but through our mutual acquaintance with Miss Nannie Curd, we soon became

warm friends, Our hands and feet were shackled, and then a chain was fastened from the one which bound our hands to the one which bound our fe t. We were both to be shot. I began to figure a way to get out of there, and sent for Father Lynch, a Catholie priest. Through his influence I succeeded in obtaining a call from Miss Curd. I told her to have the girls make love to the guards and sergeants, which they did. She obtained bedding and clothes for me, and in a few days I found a file starched inside of the sleeve of a shirt, so that it would not fall out when the garment was shaken. With this we cut the rivets on our shackles, and with our case knives we be-gan the tesk of cutfing out through the floor. On the 19th of Maren the hole was large enough for a man to crawl through, and we made our escape that night, eating a hearty meal at Mrs. Myers', next door to the jail. We reached Versailles and went to General Buford's nouse before daylight. running nineteen miles during the night. On our way to this place we found a farmer At half past 4 o'clock the next morning | their wit, but not for their folly.

we awakened Mrs. Buford, who was well acquainted with both of us, and who had made many a prayer for the forgiveness o my sins, expecting me to die on April 7 When she first saw us she was frightened but soon rejoiced and welcomed us most heartily. Will Moore, the overseer, was called, and we went to the far side of the plantation, where we took refuge under a

At 6 o'clock that morning Mrs. Buford Miss Wiley George, Miss Canfield, and Miss Harris rods out over the plantation or horseback, finally coming to the straw Harris rods out over the plantation or horseback, finally coming to the straw stack and producing from their long riding skirts the best break/ast I ever ate. They had not been gone half an hour when the section was literally swarming with Yan-kee soldiers, looking for us. We had been traced to Versailles, where all clue had been lost. That night it rained

very hard, and under cover of darkness we for Frankfort, where Shivers left me and I have never seen him since. I heard that he was killed by Jack Goodwin's bush-



I went to Madison, Carlinville, Springfield, Aurora, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Washington, returning with copies of the communications that the Yankees had cap-tured. I returned to Wall's, opposite Madison, and when going across the river two soldiers followed me in the ferry-boat. which I succeeded in capsizing, throwing

the soldiers into the river.

I reached Wali's, where I was given the best horse that I ever rode, and seeing that I was pursued, I went to the top of a hill, where I had a sharp fight with the Yankees, who chased me to Christianburg, where I was far enough ahead to get a lunch at Dr. King's. At the corner grocery I got half a pint of whisky, which I gave to the horse, and another half pint, which I used myself. The Yankees were again in sight, and tired as my horse was I again distanced them. cut the telegraph wires and went on the dead run for Danville, thence to Lebanon, Six miles from Lebanon I turned off the pike and rode up Poke's Creek in three feet of water. I put up at the house of old man Prewitt, having run my horse 104 miles.

six of which were in the creek.

The next morning my horse was dead, the noblest animal I ever saw. I was taken sick in this house, and while in bed I was captured. When I became a prisoner the excitement seemed to cure me, and on the train, while being taken to Cairo, I jumped off while the train was in motion. I was not seriously hurt by the jump, and hid out in the woods until night, when I stole a horse from a man named Greer, who, by the way. I have met since and offered pay for his horse, which he declined.

The next morning I was in Glasrow, where I received mail and left, crossing the Cumberland River near Sparts, then to Tullahoma, thence to Knoxville, where I gave my stolen horse to Miss Mattie Love, and took the train for Richmond. After making my reports I declined to return to the North, and again assumed command of my regiment of sharpshooters in General Claiborne's brigade, joining them at Lenoir's station. In October, 1863, I was taken prisoner,

and confined first on Johnson's Island and then at Camp Morton until the close of the war. I was taree times offered my parole, Governor Orth, of Indiana, coming specially to see me at one time, but I rejused to take the iron-clad oath.

er the war was over I went North and settled in Detroit, where I was elected as a member of the Michigan Legislature, being defeated as a candidate for re-election in 1888. I then came to Birmingham, where I have resided ever since.

Love by Wire.

Said a Maine telegraph operator to the writer the other day; "You wouldn't think that spoony lovers would resort to such public means of correspondence as the telegraph for the transmission of their sweet little messages of love and devotion, would you? They do, just the same.

Very often a certain young man in this place, if he does not regularly receive a letter from the future source of his joy and happiness, rushes here with a crestfallen countenance and files a message like this:

" 'My dear, why did you not answer my last letter? Yours devotedly,

"Perhaps you don't believe that such a message as this was ever sent, but I would show some of them to you if it wasn't against the rules.

"We fellows on the wire enjoyed quite an amusieg incident not very long ago, in which Sophia sor, of gave away John's brilliant scheme of popping the question by wire. We surmised that this brace of folly's victims had been conducting a correspondence for some time, which the artful John culminated with the following dispatch, which was evidently intended to draw forth an answer to an entirely different question:

'Sophia: Did you receive my last JOHN.

letter? "Sophia, in her ecstatic delight, evidently understood the query in a different sense from that which the ordinary reader of the epistle would, and, with joy and exultation depicted in every lineament of her countenance, she proceeded to the telegrapher's sanctum and left the following to be forwarded to the flower of her affec-

" John: Yes. How about next Christmas? SOPHIA. "This gave the thing dead away, and John was much chagrined when he received it. It accomplished its purpose, nevertheless, and now the couple are soaring in the rapturous realms of double bliss."-Lewiston Journal.

SNIFKINS-Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown co proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, -? Bimley-No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color.

Men are content to be laughed at for

After His Speech in the House.

It may look like a very easy thing or a member, having his speech written, to deliver it during the course of an hour in the House, but it is not such an easy thing as it looks. The average sermon. speaker gets a good deal of athletic azercise in the course of an hour's speech. There are some members in his felloes. the House who can stand and read a speech without lifting a hand except to turn the pages, and almost without changing position; and there are others who can talk all day without get ting tired; but the average speaker perspires as if he were sawing wood. An off-hand speech of ten minutes does not count, but the man who throws his arms in the air as if whirlaround the place for an honr or more, for apology. is taking violent exercise. Experience has taught some of them that it is not safe to make such a speech without taking extra precautions to avoid cool-anything in it? "Why, yes, the bill for ng off too quickly afterward.

I know several members who take extraordinary precautions. They do ot speak often. They know for weeks beforehand that they are to speak, and after all precautions are made for the their present pay. speech itself, and the day comes for the effort, they have a servant bring a complete change of linen and underwear and a heavy overcoat to the Capitol, and wait with these things at hand until the speech is ended. Then the speaker, with the perspiration cloak-room, where the servant stands with the coat ready, and throws it over vators a number of years since had solvhis shoulder as soon as he comes within | ed that problem for all time. reach. Next the member, with the collar of his overcoat turned up high, has pulled a man out of the water) tucks his dry underclothing under his arm and makes for the bath-rooms. How did you cut it? Rescued man-Then he enters the waiting-room where On the water's edge, I guess. the temperature is high and there can be no draught, being underground, and waits to cool off a little The hostess is expected to notify the preparatory to a bath. There is no more work for him in the House that sigh)-But we are in America, you day. When he has got his bath he know. makes for his longings as fast as he can, and stays there until thoroughly rested .- Washington letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Two Wishes.

The ancients relate a story of a priest of Jupiter who had two daughters. One of them married a potter, and the other a gardener, and both lived in the is nowadays. Ye can't hang a feller, same part of the country.

One day the priest of Jupiter went

to see his eldest daughter, who had Shell out." married the potter.

"My daughter," he said, "are you contented with your condition?" he young woman, "only since we came sah?" "I ask," the lawyer answered, here to live the weather has been very trying. Just as soon as my husband no, sah. I never write my name-jes gets his pots and jars made and puts dictates it, sah." them out to dry in the sun, it grows cloudy, it rains, then his work is Scooper? Ten dollars for a magnifying spoiled, and he has it all to do over glass? I sent you to the beach to write again. The great Jupiter will listen to up the ladies' bathing dresses-not to

"I will not forget it," answered the

father. Next he went to see his youngest laughter, who had married the gardener, and he asked her the same question that he asked her sister-if she was contented

"I should be," the second daughter answered, "if the weather would only tables which my husband planted need that our gardens will be refreshed and our vegetables grow."

and this was his prayer: "Oh, Mighty Father of all, I bring to thee the requests of my two daughters. Their wants are directly in op-

position to each other, for one wants two weeks of sun and the other two weeks of rain. I love my two daughters alike, and I am certain thou lovest all thy children the same. Thou who seest all, who knowest all, who lovest all, and who caust do all things, I am satisfied to leave everything, even this, to thy good will."



When I kissed her that night in the hallway "Twas so dark that nothing was plain; And not being sure but I'd miss her. Why, 'twas right I should kiss her again,

There was darkness on everything round us; I was reaching in vain for the door, And while I was seeking an exit It so happened I kissed her some more. And I wasn't quite sure that I left her

As to whether she liked it or not; But I know that I sighed to be back there The further away that I got, And the next time I called it so happened That we stood in that hallway once more And the gaslight fell over and round us

As I quietly moved to the door But her red cheeks so rogaishly dimpled, And her eyes shone so wickedly bright, That I guessed where her thoughts were a stray

And I reached up and turned out the light, A MAINE young woman who was asked the place of her nativity replied that she wasn't born anywhere in par-

ticular, as she was the daughter of a Methodist minister. THE Czar, it is said, drinks a gallon of champagne a day; so, after all

what is the use of bombs?

LIGHT AND BRIGHT.

On the fence -- sneak thieves. NEVER place so much confidence in your minister as to sleep during the

Ir must have been a wheelwright who was first put in as spokesman by

Bougs-Stanley reminds one of a poker. Fogg-Indeed? Boggs-Yes; grate explorer, you know.

"I HAVE never read Shakspeare's works," said a pretentious woman, "but I always entertained the highest opinion of him as a man.

In a street car just before 6 o'clock: He-I am very sorry to crowd you, Miss ing Indian clubs, hammers his desk DeWitt, but ___ Miss DeWitt-Don't like a blacksmith, and dances all speak of it. There is really no room "WHAT a nice portmanteau you have,

> the portmanteau.' THREE THOUSAND Austrian bakers are on the strike for an increase of wages. They knead bread, but are

willing to loaf rather than work for PROFESSOR in psychology-Can't we conceive of anything as being out of time, and still occupying space? Musical student (thoughtfully)-Yes, sir; .

bad singer in a chorus. How To elevate the masses is still pouring off of him, rushes to the the burden of a good deal of speculation. We thought the introduction of ele-

THREW him in again: Rescuer (who -Gracious! Your head is bleeding.

SHE would like to: He (at midnight) -Funny custom the Chinese have. caller when it is time to go. She (with

"Your papa and mamma know what is best for you, Tommy," said his mother. Tommy rolled about a good deal on the rug and then said: "Ma, do you know sometimes I feel like being

an orphan." "Hold on, my friend, don't shoot; I'm a judge." "Wall, s'posing ye are; judges ain't no more count dan de law ye can't 'tectrify him, and my lawyer kin appeal 's fast as you kin sentence.

An old negro who had some business in a lawyer's office was asked if he "Yes, very well satisfied," answered could sign his name. "How is dat, "if you can write your name?" "Well,

MANAGING editor-What's this, Mr. you, father, and I beg you will pray study natural history. Reporter-I him to give us at last two weeks of know it, sir; but I had to get the mag nifying glass to see the bathing dresses

The Australian Bush.

Once my friend suddenly drew rein and motioned to me to do likewise. For a few seconds I heard nothing; then sharp and clear through the silence ran the crack of a long whip, and I expected to see some stock-rider, or perbe more favorable to us. The vegethe serub. But with a quick "hush!" haps some strayed pack-man, issue from my companion whispered to me that rain. We might make a handsome what I had heard was only the "whipprofit this year if we could only have bird," and that what he wanted me to some good showers. Now, father, the great Jupiter listens to you, and I want you to pray him to send us plenty hand. Very shortly a somewhat low of rain during the next two weeks, so but sweet burst of melody, though within a limited compass, came from a The priest returned to his temple, which was shrouded from sight by inglade to the left, the greater part of tricate fern-tree growths; with rapid transitions the song thereafter rose and fell, now imitating the joyous freedom of the magpie, now the laughing gurgle of the jackass, now other forest denizens. Again silence, and then-right in the midst of the fern glade-I saw for the first time a bird I had often heard of, and which I was anxious to see. The lyre-bird, or mountain pheasant (Menura superba), is extremely shy, and, though by no means rare in certain districts, is thus comparatively seldom seen. In size it very closely resembles the common pheasant, and is of an auburn-brown color; but it would not be a specially attractive bird were it not for the large and delicately graceful tall feathers, which, when fully erected, exactly resemble the instrument after which the bird is called. Like the shark, and perhaps the cuckoo, the mountain pheasant is generally accompanied by a satellite, in this instance the latter being a small, jerky little bird, popularly called the "pheasant's mother," but none such was visible to our eyes on this occasion. The whip-bird, or coachwhip-bird, referred to is generally heard in the scrub proper, and has received its name from its habit of ending its loud cry or note with an abrupt crack, like that produced by the long lash of a stock whip. -Harper's Magazine.

Early Rising.

Early rising is synonymous in long life histories with short sleeping, which means rapid recovery from fatigue, sign of bodily strength. These scientific facts in no wise contradict the alleged value of early rising as a practice to be cultivated by all persons in good health. It is excellent as moral discipline, and eminently healthy as a matter of fact. Most persons will eat three meals daily. When a man gets up late those meals will probably follow each other at too short intervals to be wholesome. When he is an early riser it will probably be otherwise. He can enjoy a good breakfast, and by the time for his lunch or mid-day dinner he will have an honest appetite again. British Medical Journal.

A London correspondent savs it costs for dress alone "from \$500 to \$1,000 to have the pleasure of bowing to Queen Victoria." That settles it. We shall never bow to the Queen-unless the game is poker and we draw her when we have the other three to our hand.